

The Calleen Fuine,

To which are added,

The Shepherds Boy.

Susy's Wedding.

The Answer to the Sailor Boy.

16.



LIMERICK: Printed by W. GOGGIN,
Corner of Bridge-Street.

The Calleen Fuine.

In verdant fields I retire,
 Where Appollo-tunes his lyre,
 With music to inspire,
 Exactly about noon.
 When crowds of gentle graces,
 Resort those louely places,
 In thought my heart embraces,
 My sweet Calleen Fuine

Each mild and comely feature,
 Composed and framed by nature,
 I challenge all past ages,
 Her equal for to shew,
 Her beauty is so surprizing,
 As if artisa were devising,
 The Gods all stood admiring,
 My sweet Calleen Fuine.

Had I the wealth and favour,
 Of Newnham or Deamor,
 Or Brskendoff what's greater,
 Than either of the two,
 I'd forfeit all in a duel,
 To quench that flaming fuel,
 That's ingrafted by that jewel,
 My sweet Calleen Fuine.

Why are my woes augmented,
 Why am I thus tormented
 With nothing I'm contented,
 But still my grief renew,
 My mind is rack'd and torn,
 Bewildered and forlorn,
 My health is quite outworn,
 For my sweet Calleen Fuine.

THERE was a sheph-^rd's boy,
He kept sheep upon a hill,
And he went out upon a morning,
To see what he could kill.

C H O R U S.

Its blow away the morning dew,
Its blow you w!nds hi ho,
You stole away my morning blush,
And b o w a little blow,
He looked at east he look'd at west,
He gave another look.
And there he spy'd a pretty lass,
A swimming on a brook,
Its blow away &c.

Pray do let go my mantle,
And do let go my cloaths,
And you shall have as much gold,
As you can carry home.

Its blow away &c.

I'll not let go your mantle,
Nor let go y o u r cloaths,
But I shall have your maiden head,
Before you do go home.

Its blow away &c.

Ah, do let go my mantle,
And let go my cloaths,
And you shall have my maiden head,
And my fathers gold at home.

Its blow away &c.

She rode on a milk white Reed,
And he rode on another,
And there they rode along the road,
Like sister and like brother.

Its blow away &c.

They rode along the road,
Until they met with cocks of hay,
Saying my dear this is a prett^{er} place,
For you and I to play.

Its blow away &c.

And O kind Sir, she said,
Spare the rumpling of my gown,
Which cost my father many,
Guineas in bright gold.

Its blow away &c.

When she came to her fathers court
She nimbly stept in,
Saying you're a fool without my dear,
And I'm a maid within.

Its blow away &c.

There's a cock in my father's house,
and he don't tread the hens,
He claps his wings but does not crow,
I think you're much like him.

Its blow away &c.

If you meet a pretty lass,
At the upper end of the town,
Do not mind her airy eye,
Nor the rumpling of her gown.

Its blow away &c.

SUSY's WEDDING.

WE swanking Lads attend to me;
 By love I'll tell you all Sirs,
 What gallows fun de nite went on,
 I married Susy Hall Sirs,
 To gravel-walk we pegged away,
 Where quickly we were tied Sirs,
 We doused the chink without delay,
 And home I walked the bride Sirs.

CHORUS.

Wid kisses smack and noisy clack,
 We all got bloody boozy,
 And all the gallows fun we had,
 De nite I married Susy.
 De boys and girls came flocking in,
 de all were blite and truskey.
 Some drank porter some drank gin,
 and others rank good whiskey,
 De wedding supper to provide,
 sure proper care was taken,
 Some itaggering bob, a dish of tripes,
 de murphy's and fat bacon.

Wid kisses smack &c.

A flashy set together met.
 of hookers from Swift's alley,
 From garden lane came swanking Bet,
 black nose and long legg'd Sally
 Reeraw too he joined the throng,
 Jack Straw and Hano Farley.
 For fear dat de shud want a song,

de brought wid dem blind Charley.
 Blind Daniel he was ushered in,
 to play on his bag pipes Sir,
 Ben Darcy came wid squinting Jen,
 de girl that hawks the traps Sir,
 Black Robin came dat lad of tame,
 wid gallows Kate de Bunker,
 Pug nose Doll and bandy Moll,
 and yellow Jack the Tinker,
 Tom Holey came wid bungy Peg,
 dat sells old wigs and shoes Sir,
 Bob Caffrey shuffled his game leg,
 de lad cries bloody News Sir,
 Davy Dog and Harry Shaw,
 wid shoe-black and knives to grind Sir,
 such a gallows crew you never saw,
 Or in Dublin scarce could find sir.
 Wid kisses smack, &c.
 De liquor being pushed about,
 de stuff was so inviting,
 In tree shakes a hellish rout,
 like devils fell a fighting,
 De stools and dir es foon de broke,
 amidst de bloody flatter,
 De police came to crown de joke,
 enquiring whar's de maveer.
 Wid kisses smack &c.
 De girls all began to bawl,
 being in a bloody fright sir,
 De boys being stout de all run out.

De police put to flight sir,
 So Sue and I was lett alone,
 to do as we intended,
 We lock'd the door when all w as gone.
 And so the wedding ended
 Wid kiffes smack and noisy clack,
 We all got bloody boozy,
 And all the gallows fun we had,
 De nite I married Sufy.

The Answer to the Sailor Boy.

ONE morning early I did rove,
 Down by a pleasant shady grove,
 I heard a dams lament and cry,
 And thus she mourned her sailor boy,
 You fair maids all pitty my moan,
 Since my true lover is from me gone,
 The raging seas did him destroy
 And robb'd me of my Sailor Boy:

His rosy cheeks and locks so neat,
 His limbs and body was all compleat.
 Which daily increased my jey,
 I fell in love with that Sailor Boy.

But now he's gone whom I adore,
 And I shall never behold him more,
 While cruel grief doth me annoy,
 Till death I'll mourn my sailor Boy.

I stayed there but a little while,
 Before I say'd come o'er the stile,
 A brisk young sailor to her did fly,
 Who should it be but her sailor boy.
 He said sweet Nancy now cease to mourn,

As now thank God I am safe returned,
Kind fortune futely my life did save,
Or else he wavyes had been my grave,

I being on the main yard arm,
In a most heavy dreadful storm;
A cruel wave washed me away,
And left me rolling in the sea;

Our small boat beat to staves,
I got a plank in the salt waves,
On a small island I was cast away,
Yet still it was a joyful day,

For six long weeks I wander'd there
Walking about in deep despair,
Having no food but some fish found,
As I traversed the Island round.

One morning early I chanc'd to espy,
A gallant Frigate a passing by,
I hailed them and they took me in,
And thus my life was sav'd again,

We had not failed days but three,
When 'twas our fortune for to see,
A lofty Spanish great galloon,
We took her and returned home,

I being wounded was discharged,
And from the service I'm enlarged,
With six hundred pounds in gold,
Which in her apron there he told,

So now my dear with you I'll stay,
And from you never go away,
Come to the church to compleat our joy,
And for ever love your sailor boy.